

# THE YAQUIS A NOBLE RACE

Most Remarkable Tribe of Aborigines Known to History.

MEXICAN TROOPS HAVE THEM AT BAY.



ATTENTION has again been called by the present hostile attitude of the Yaqui Indians, in the mountain districts of Northwestern Mexico to what is perhaps the most remarkable tribe of aborigines known to history. The

Yaquis differ materially from the numerous other tribes inhabiting this section of the globe, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. While thoroughly partaking of the ferocious nature of the Apaches of the American frontier, and entertaining quite as pronounced a hatred for all people of more civilized tastes, they are characterized by a very distinct predilection for intelligent forms of government. But that any restrictions or obligations should be placed upon them by an alien people, such as they have ever been disposed to regard all mankind not of their tribe, they are disposed to consider as unwarranted interference with their hereditary customs, and hence intolerable. The Yaquis have been a constant source of dread to the Mexicans ever since the first attempt at civilizing the northwestern section of the republic, to which movement the former have been most strenuously opposed. Like other North American tribes, they hold that the territory they inhabit is theirs by right of inheritance from their forefathers, and every foot of land that has from time to time been wrested from them has ultimately been paid for by the life's blood of the invaders. During past centuries the Yaquis have been almost incessantly at war with the Spaniards and their Mexican descendants, and by degrees their once powerful tribe has been reduced until at the present day it numbers less than 15,000 members. Of their former broad domain all the possessions that now remain to the Yaquis are a few leagues of land situated in the lower valleys of the Rio Yaqui, in the southern portion of the State of Sonora. Here, during the brief intervals of peace which they have occasionally experienced, they have made their homes, following their natural pursuits of farming, stock raising and mining. This is the land that has been officially assigned to them by the Mexican Government. Back of it, however, in the fastness of the great



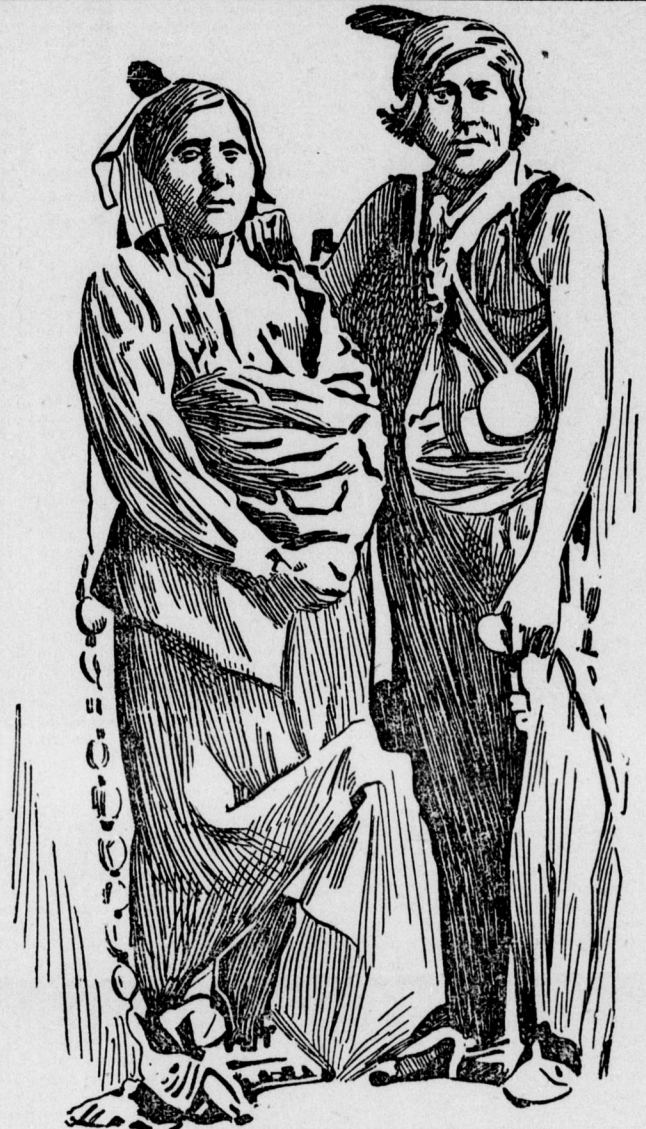
A YAQUI HERDER.

Sierra Madres, lies a territory that is theirs by right of their exclusive ability to penetrate and when necessary to inhabit it. This is the war home of the Yaquis. Here in the conflicts of late years they have proved invincible, unconquerable. It is a country of rugged mountain steeps, of deep, furnacelike defiles and desolate, sweltering mesa lands—a country inaccessible, intolerable to anything human save only the Yaquis. Such is the stronghold in which this race of fighters is entrenched to-day. The Yaquis derive their name from their peculiar habit of loud talking, their verbal designation Yaqui meaning, "He who shouts." The Yaqui, or Huaqui, is one of the chief rivers

principal Mexican seaport of the Gulf. The State of Sonora has an area of about 71,000 square miles, or nearly 25,000 miles more than New York, and a population of about 155,000. The assessed value of the property is about \$7,500,000. It consists in mines, cotton weaving, china potteries, cattle ranches and other branches of pastoral industry. The valley of the Yaqui, which is the scene of the present disturbances, according to

try. They are the remnants of a brave and partly civilized people whom the Spaniards found in Mexico. They have never been conquered, and have never forgiven their Spanish enemies nor their descendants. Their military organization is almost perfect, and consists of companies, regiments and divisions.

The wife of our chief blushed with pleasure as one of our number hung about her neck a string of blue beads as a parting gift. She was truly worthy of our admiration. So was the grin on the face of her youngster as he began to realize what sweetness was concealed in a lump of maple sugar which we gave him. Their huts were our homes, the doors of which would always have been open to us had there been any. At the back end of each were two tiers of bunks for sleeping purposes; in the front the family squatted, cooked and lived. Mere justice demands that I should say I found nothing but clean-



TYPES OF THE FIGHTING YAQUIS IN WAR DRESS.

American scientists and explorers embraces about 12,000 square miles. It is one of the most mountainous parts of Mexico.

The Yaquis as a race claim descent from one of the original seven emigrations from the North, having closely followed the Toltecs of the sixth century or before, who founded their kingdom on the site of Tula, about fifty miles north of the City of Mexico. They claim by tradition an earlier origin than the Aztecs, who built cities and possessed a civilization which was at its height in the time of the first expedition of Cortez. The Mexican Government has announced a policy of extermination against these Indians.

The present uprising is the sixth in their history. The Indians revolted against Spain in 1735. The Hidalgos were worsted in battle, but they made up for their failure in arms by their artful duplicity. The Yaquis revolted again in 1825, and again in 1832, against Mexico, when, armed with bows, battle axes and spears, and led by their celebrated chieftain, Banderas, they made it lively for the Government troops, but were finally overcome. They made another attempt in 1841, and defended their mountain fastnesses with Spartan valor, and for years held the Government at bay. Order was restored by a compromise. The conflict this time will be to the death. In their ten years' war the

liness about their homes, persons and surroundings, and the high opinion which I then formed of their general intelligence, great bravery and intrinsic worth still remains unchanged. They are not savages.

The talk in the papers about surrounding them and starving them is rot, for it cannot be done at this season of the year. At this time down there everything is green and verdure is at its best. These Indians live on cactus, on a kind of brown sugar and on parched corn and of this they can



A YAQUI MAIDEN WITH PAINTED FACE.

find an unlimited amount at this time of the year. It is just as sensible to put a man in a well and talk of killing him by thirst as to talk of starving these Indians now.

Just south of the Yaqui Indians is another tribe which is about as large and which sympathizes largely with the Yaquis. These are the Mayo Indians and they are probably as fine specimens of physical manhood as are to be found on the continent. They are as numerous as the Yaquis, and it is the custom of these Indians to kill all their old men and women long before they would die a natural death, and they prevent the marriage of either a man or a woman of the tribe who is in any way imperfect or deformed. The result is they have a tribe of magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood. The Mexican Government will have its hands full with the Yaquis alone, but if the Mayos join them it will be a long drawn out contest.

Bavaria, with a population of 5,818,500, spends \$84,800,000 a year on beer.

## BISMARCK BIRTHDAY BONFIRES.

To Celebrate the Natal Anniversary of the Iron Chancellor in a Notable Way.

Students of the various universities in Germany recently decided to celebrate the anniversary of Bismarck's birth in a notable fashion on April 1, 1900, and a programme has now been arranged in accordance with which



BONFIRES TO MARK PRINCE BISMARCK'S BIRTHDAY.

pillars or monuments in honor of Bismarck will be erected in many German cities, and on the morning of April 1 flames will burst forth from them and will continue to burn during the day.

The first step in this direction was taken when several leading professors met at Eisenach for the purpose of deciding on the form of the proposed monuments. The leading architects of Germany had been invited to compete, and the result was that 320 designs were submitted.

Of these ten were finally selected, and valuable prizes were awarded to the architects who had submitted them. The three designs which were esteemed to be the best were submitted by W. Kreis, an architect of Dresden.

One of his designs of a Bismarck monument is notable for its strength and simplicity. We see a massive square structure, flanked by four pillars and with a hollow opening at the top, through which the flames are to burst. In this hollow opening is a large metal brazier, which is designed to hold the coal and other fuel, and within the structure is a staircase leading up to the brazier. The rear and sides of the monument are of smooth stone and are devoid of ornament, but on the front are several sculptural decorations.

This design is generally admitted to be the best, and the numerous monuments which it is proposed to erect in honor of Bismarck will be fashioned after it. These will be placed on the highest points near the various cities and towns, and they will vary in size according to the wealth of the cities and the height of the elevations.

One hundred and seventy-four cities and towns have already arranged to erect a Bismarck monument, and in each place a committee has been appointed to select the most suitable spot for the erection of the structure. The plan is to have the fires in the various monuments lighted simultaneously on April 1, and it is believed that when that time comes the monuments will be so numerous that there will be a regular chain of beacon lights from one end of Germany to the other.

### The Swordfish a Mackerel.

The swordfish is really a gigantic mackerel, dividing pretty evenly the honor of being chief of the Scombridae with the huge albacore, or deep-sea tunny. Its weapon is a solid spear of bone sometimes reaching two feet in length, an elongation of the upper jaw which tapers to a keen point. These weapons are an exceedingly rare possession, very seldom seen except in museums, and then generally found on exhibition just as they have been sawed out of some ship's timbers; the result of just such an error of judgment on the part of the rippers was reported last week from Kragero, into which port the bark *Pasce Partout* had put in leaking. Upon examination part of the weapon of a swordfish was found imbedded in a five-inch plank, having first passed through the outer sheathing of metal.

### Novel Philippine Cavalry.

The adaptability of the American is proverbial and this fact is humorously exhibited by the troops now in Iloilo. There are no horses on the island but there was a dire need of cavalry. So the soldiers impressed a herd of water buffalo and utilized them as mounts.



TROTTING-BULL USED BY OUR TROOPS IN ILOILO.

The illustration shows one of the Tennessee boys on a prize trotting-bull. The animal is said to be very docile and to make an acceptable substitute for the horse.

Corunna in Spain claims to have the oldest lighthouse in existence

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### Playing House.

Jim an' me wuz playin' house After school today; Jim said I could be his wife— Only jes' in play. So we tuk my table out An' some cookies, too; Then we settled down fer tea Jes' like big folks do.

Jim, he brought a book and read; I said: "That ain't fair, I'd tear that old book in two If I'd only dare." Then Jim laughed at me an' said: "You big silly, you. I mus' read an' you keep still— Jes' like big folks do."

Then I jes' got off my chair An' I wouldn't play; Jim natched up his book an' said: "Girls all do that way." He went home, but I don't care. I'm jes' mad clean through. "Tain't no fun t' play 'keep house' Jes' like big folks do." Florence E. Russell, in Newark Daily Advertiser.

### Curious Attachment.

There are few things more interesting in the natural history of animals, indeed, more wonderful, than the partiality which individuals of totally different race have exhibited for each other. About ten years ago a friend who was rector of a rural parish in North Wales, bought a pig at one of his village fairs. It belonged to a cottager who lived nearly four miles from the place where the fair was held, and who had probably brought it on foot from his cottage that morning.

The pig was driven up to the rectory and placed in the sty, and on the next morning my friend went to see his new purchase and to turn him out into the fold to take an airing, where he was left to pick a few peas that had been thrown down to make his pastime more agreeable.

After awhile the pig was not to be found and a servant was sent to see if he had strayed back to his old home.

There he was found happy and free among the other animals of the cottage. He was again driven to his new quarters, and confined to the sty for nearly two days. When it was thought he had become reconciled to his new home or had forgotten his old one, he was again liberated and suffered to roam at will about the fold.

He was watched for awhile, but seemed to be so entirely at home that he was left and forgotten until it was time to confine him to his own quarters, when he was again sought for in vain.

He had once more strayed to his old haunts, and had to be brought back again.

On the morning following this escape my friend went to the sty and found near it a little brown dog, which he then remembered he had seen about the premises several times since the fair, and it occurred to him that the pig and he were acquainted and would, if the opportunity were offered, trot home together.

So the pig was liberated in order to see if the surmise was correct, and sure enough, recognition, sweet and tender, was soon witnessed.

They were followed at a respectable distance for fully half a mile, as they diligently trotted home together, the dog leading the way, and anxiously looking back every now and then to see if his friend was following.

The little dog had been missed by his master for long periods together, and his absence could not be accounted for till my friend solved the mystery. There was evidently a strong attachment between the two, but whether it was the force of his attachment or anxiety to look after his master's interests, the conduct of the dog was equally wonderful.

### On the Street Corner.

The wind was blowing a gale. People were hurrying to and fro, apparently thinking only of themselves—as people usually do when a storm is about to burst upon them. The city crossings were in a shameful condition—what was the matter with the city authorities I cannot tell. There was loose snow on the top of what might be called a lake of slush, the lake in this instance at any rate being deep enough to submerge the "crossers'" rubbers, and sometimes his or her shoes.

From around a corner, almost blown along by the strength of the rising wind, came an old woman with her arms full of bundles. She certainly did look comical with her hat pushed back on one side and her gray hair flying over her face, but there was a pathetic side to the picture. She was trying to make her umbrella act as a cane, but the wind made it contrary, so it flopped about in an aimless way, and finally fell down. The old woman was discouraged, but she struggled to pick up the umbrella, accomplishing the task with difficulty, and while doing so dropped one of her bundles. Endeavoring to get this, all the others fell, with the "total depravity of inanimate things."

Some school boys passed and smiled. "She's having a hard time," said one, laughing.

"Poor old soul!" said another, really feeling sorry for her, but not taking the trouble to show his pity in any helpful way.

Just then another school boy came along. He was well dressed, and his bearing showed that he was "to the manor born." Would he, too, pass by the old woman in her perplexity? Oh, no, that was not his way. "I'll pick them up for you," he said quickly.

He had some cord in his overcoat pocket, with which he tied all the packages together, and made a sort of handle to hold them by.

"Oh, thank you," said the old wom-

an, her face brightening with relief. "How good of you!"

"That's all right," was the boy's response.

He was going on, but, happening to look back, he saw the old woman standing on the curbstone looking at the sea of slush as if venturing to cross it. He was at her side in a minute. He took her packages and one of her arms.

"Let me help you across, please," he said as courteously as if he was addressing an old lady of his own station. "It isn't pleasant, but there's no danger."

He smiled into the poor worried old face reassuringly. When they were across the boy said kindly: "Is it all right, now, madam? Can you get home alone?"

"Yes, I'll get along without any trouble, and I—"

She was about to express her heartfelt thanks, but the boy, lifting his hat with a parting bow, said: "Good-bye," and was gone.—He'll Hall Farley.

### A Dog That Reasons.

Nearly everybody in Waupun, Wis., knows "Billy." He is a very unpretentious citizen, trotting around town dressed in the same threadbare white suit almost daily, but he had a reputation for being a great fighter when aroused, and those who know him best say he is the cleverest as well as the most rational dog in that part of the country. He is an inmate of the state prison, being an assistant in the medical department. Some persons intimate that Billy spends most of his time in and about the medical department because, being a dog, he finds much entertainment in studying the great variety of druggery odors there. As a matter of fact Billy belongs to Dr. G. F. Messer, the head of the medical department, and is devoted to his master, to whom he owes most of his superior education.

When Billy first made the acquaintance of the doctor he (the dog) was simply an uneducated, sprawl-legged bull terrier with a certain pride of ancestry that gave a superior tip to his ears and an exceptional fineness to his hair. Like other youngsters whom I might name, Billy, at this period of his career, believed that life and happiness did and of right ought to consist in chewing most anything that looked like food, in chasing chickens and other birds till he was so tired that he sunk to rest in the nearest sunny dust heap and in appropriating the softest and cosiest cushioned chair in the house.

Then came the troublesome "going to school" that youngsters usually loathe in their secret hearts. First Billy was taught to sit up on his haunches. This used to make his back ache, and always, at first, it seemed as if a wingless and curious insect would begin to move about at the furthest extremity of his tail at the critical moment when Billy was straining every nerve to remain balanced. So the young dog would blink and look almost tearful and at last give a yelp and start on a wild race for the end of his tail, which dodged him and darted from him in a manner most provoking. You see, his tail had been bitten off in his infancy and was a bit too stubby for convenience. Then came learning to jump through and over arms to get a piece of meat or biscuit. Of course this was fun and easily learned.

And so Billy's education went on. He learned to "speak" when told to do so, and finally became so proficient in speaking that he adopted the habit of calling for his bed (an old coat which was laid on the sofa) at night. He was learned to act the part of a judge, and "listens to the evidence," and "expounds the law" very learnedly. Sometimes when he is not given enough attention to suit him he will perform his tricks of his own accord or climb into a chair and play "peek-a-boo." He has a treadmill which he enjoys running, and he takes keen delight in chasing the sort of cats that like to steal upon a dog, and, fur pronging out in every direction, take a flying leap and land on his back. At this critical moment most dogs give a fearful yelp and run for dear life, but Billy simply remains and settles matters with the cat—if the cat can be found. Billy is also an expert hunter and obeys sign signals as well as spoken or whistled ones. He is a great ratter and mouser and has learned to adopt the cat's methods and wait for his prey to come out of its hole. Then he waits for his victim to get some distance away from the hole before undertaking to make a capture. He learned this method by sad experience, for at first he would jump at the rat or mouse as soon as it appeared and usually with the result that the intended victim escaped back into the hole.

Dr. Messer writes: "Billy showed his ability to reason only a day or two ago. A cookie was laid down in front of the cupboard to coax out the mice from underneath. One came to the cookie and Billy saw that it was too close to the cupboard, so he picked it up and moved it about four feet further out. Then he went a little way back to watch for the mouse to come out, certain that now he could get his prey before it could get out of his reach."

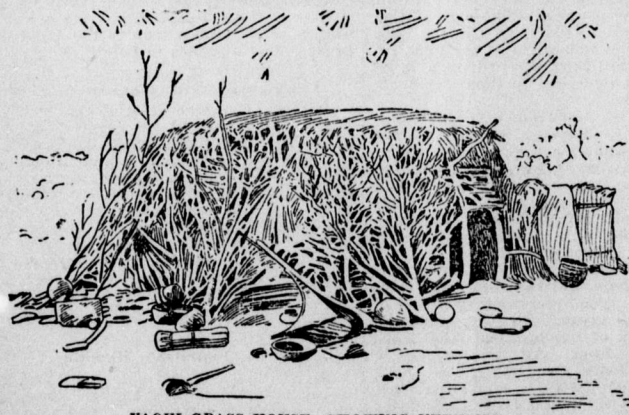
Billy is two and one-half years old, weighs 44 pounds and seems to understand nearly all that is said in his presence.

4,000,000 Women Wage Earners. There are said to be 4,000,000 women wage earners in this country; 250,000 are teachers, besides 35,000 music teachers. There are 10,000 artists, 2725 authors, 1145 pastors, 888 newspaper women, 279 detectives, 208 lawyers and 40 chemists. Two Cincinnati women make \$15,000 a year out of a restaurant, and the woman manager of a California insurance company receives a salary of \$10,000.

of Mexico, being about 400 miles in length, and is formed of several streams, which rise close to the American boundary in the Sierra Madre Mountains. The Yaqui has its outlet in the Gulf of California, about twenty-five miles southeast of Guaymas, the

Yaquis were still using almost wholly their primitive weapons. To-day they are well armed.

The Yaquis are fine people, and rather deserve encouragement than annihilation, writes an American officer who recently visited their coun-



YAQUI GRASS HOUSE, SHOWING UTENSILS.